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the scrapbook killing



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Chapter 1 by leah

POW! that's all i heard. " who was that today" i say. living in this town is really messed up. there is so many deaths that it's normal. walk slowly home not walking on the cracks. people thought i was weird doing that. i think that it's very smart. step on a crack someone you love dies. a kid at my old school did it and his mother died. ever since then my nickname was witch. i mean i already had the look. brown dark hair. cashew like skin and a british accent. i was the cutest but nobody liked me. as soon as i opened the door i smelled something very interesting. i crept inside very quietly. as i walked towards the kitchen i stepped on something wet. "MOM!" i yelled so loud my own ears started to hurt. "MOM!" nobody came so the most resonable thing to do was to call the police. i turned on the light and then i fainted.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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